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Ottawa is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

From the Charleston Courier.

LIFE AND DEATH---A Sketch.

BY THE LATE MISS H. C. ALLEN.

"I am content to die, but oh! not now."

Eva was young, beautiful, and beloved. Her happy heart vibrated with affection and hope. She had never tasted the bitter portion of mortal suffering.—No cloud had ever cast a shadow on her nor chilled the full stream of her ardent feelings. She was a being that seemed scarcely "of the earth, earthly." Her intelligent eye was lighted with a beam more bright than nature is wont to shed—and oh, how lovely was its brightness when bedewed and softened by the tear awakened, when a tale of sorrow reached her ear!

Eva was the first born of her doating parents, and an only daughter. But never did she exercise the prerogatives, that their fondness vouchsafed her, with aught but gentleness, towards her young brothers, whose highest pleasure was to gather for their sweet sister the flowers of their own little gardens, to deck her hair, and to pour their simple troubles into her sympathizing bosom.

How proudly did her fond father look on his beautiful and gentle girl, when returning from his avocations abroad, to his quiet threshold, the first smile and accents that welcomed him were those of his Eva.

It was a starlight evening, and the air of spring, scented with the fragrance of young flowers, played lightly with the flowing ringlets of the laughing girl, who was carolling a pleasant lay, in the buoyancy of her innocent spirit.

Suddenly a gentle but pensive thought (for all her thoughts were gentle,) came over her spirit. It was a tho't of death. Strange that in a scene so lovely, and in a breast so little used to sadness, the unbidden reflection should find room. But it came like a shadow flung from the darkening future. "To die!" she murmured, "to pass away from these pleasant and familiar things, to be laid in a clay cold tomb, where my mother's kind voice will be heard no more, and my little brother's merry shout shall never come, and my father's kiss shall never be impressed on my cheek, while calling me his dear, dear Eva! How delicious is this moonlight view—how pure and fresh this blessed air—how freely does my heart beat—how briskly does life run in my veins?—O! I trust it may not be my lot to die, while yet it is so sweet to live!"

The maiden heaved a light sigh, she knew not wherefore. It was an unfamiliar effusion of her young breast. A wild vine had, by her own hand been trained around her chamber window, and she rested her wet cheek, (for she had wept in the fulness of her emotion,) on the leafy pillow, that a few intruding branches had luxuriantly spread.

The balmy stillness of the evening hushed her to slumber. How long she slept she knew not, but when she awoke she felt her blood chilled, and a morbid sensation run through her slight frame. The morning found her feverish and ill, and a lingering though not violent sickness ensued. Weeks passed languidly away, and Eva was changed. Not changed in sweetness and tenderness, scarce changed in beauty—yet she was not now found at the streamlet's bank, tending the tottering steps of her mother's infant, that had just learned to swell the shout of the elder boys, when launching their fairy boat into the sparkling stream. Her tame deer frolicked no more with the bounding nymph, on the green sward at her mother's parlor door. Her guitar lay unheeded with its loosened cords, just where her hand resigned it on that evening—the last which ever heard the sweet voice tuned to melody.

Months passed on. The winter came with its clouds and blackness. The parting whispers, lest their once welcome glee might pain the sick girl's feeble nerves.

Spring came again in its loveliness, but it brought no roses to Eva's blighted cheek. The calm of resignation sat on her pale brow—but sometimes would the memory of the past come with its sunshine and its summer beauty, and she would say in her soft sweet way, "Mother, think you not that I could lean on father's arm, and walk quite gently to the fountain's side once more, where the jassamine used to bloom so freshly?—Surely I am better, mother—do I not look better?"

Her parents turned away to hide their tears, for the dim eye and colorless lip, betokened life's swift "passing away."

Ere summer's hues had changed to those of autumn, the fearful and dread trial came, that was to wring the heart's deepest and best affections, and crush one of the dearest and fairest flowers that ever bloomed on earth's ungenial soil. "Mother, I think that I am dying," the pale girl said. "Father, I must leave you, but you will come to me, though I shall never, never return to you. Once did I weep and pray that I might not thus early depart; but now I am content to die, for Heaven is a blessed place, and the less I have of earth, the earlier I shall be there. Farewell, my kind brothers, you have long watched my dying pillow, with tenderest, truest love. Where we shall meet again, 'there shall be no more death.'"

And she sank to sleep, the sleep of the grave, as soft as an infant to its light slumber on its mother's bosom.—Who shall paint the scenes of the sad home she left behind.

Burns and his Highland Mary.

We extract the following interesting article from the Montreal Herald:

"We had in our possession on Saturday the identital pair of bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, HIGHLAND MARY, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love." They are in remarkably good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary's only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment, Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the hand writing of the immortal bard, "*And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.*—Levit. 19. chap. 2th verse;" and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "*Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oath.*—Matth. 5th ch. 33d verse." On the second blank leaf of each volume, there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Massigiel" in his hand writing, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from their having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side of the grave. The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it so romantic and full of interest, as those which attended and followed the gifts of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warmhearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics, as well as of the productions of his later years, which shows that it was very deeprooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl" the song which begins:

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic's roar?"

But neither Burns nor his Mary were doomed "to cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss, which passion or enthusiasm had engentered in their youthful imaginations.—Burns was called to Edinburg, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment and dark despair—while Mary was called to a better and happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writings. Witness as follows:

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle O' Montgomrie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfolds her robes,
And there they langes tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
O' my sweet Hieland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song, Burns says:—"This was a composition of mine in my early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday in May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before we should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock; where she was seized with a malignant fever which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr, that the bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone indeed who can gaze on them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged bibles, and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book clasped by both over its purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart's life of Burns we are informed that several years after the death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared, as the twilight advanced, (in the language of his widow,) "very sad about something;" and though the evening was a cold and keen one in September, he wandered into the barnyard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not, for some time, recall him. To these entreaties he always promised obedience, but these promises were but the lightnesses of affection, no sooner made than forgotten, for his eye was fixed on heaven, and his unceasing stride indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burn's last approach to the barnyard found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractedly on a planet which, in a clear starry sky, "shone like another moon," and having prevailed on him to return into the house, instantly wrote, as they stand, the following sublime verses, '*To Mary in Heaven*,' which have thrilled through many breasts, and drawn tears from many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotsmen:

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest!
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid!
Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast!

That sacred hour can I forget!
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
These records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of the winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest!
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid!
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!

The Bible is, as we said before, the property of a descendant of Mrs. Campbell, the mother of Mary, who lives in invaluable heirloom to this city for the purpose of disposing of it. Of its genuineness we have not the slightest doubt, as we have, times without number, seen original letters from Burns, and the writing on the Bible corresponds exactly with that on the letters we have seen. It is to be deplored that stern necessity should decree the separation of such a tribute of the affection of one of the noblest of hearts that ever graced humanity, from the family of the darling object of that affection, and that the token of an attachment which almost ennobled the family of Mary Campbell, must fall into the hands of a stranger; but since such must be the case, we hope the Natural History Society will not allow such a valuable relic to become private property. We have merely to add that we will be happy to negotiate with any parties who may feel inclined to purchase the Bible."

Majesty of the Law.

The following beautiful eulogy, on "the law," is extracted from an article in the Southern Literary Messenger:

"The spirit of the law is all equity and justice. In a government based on true principles, the law is a sole sovereign of a nation. It watches over its subjects in their business, in their recreation, and in their sleep. It guards their fortunes, their lives, and their honors. In the broad noonday, and the dark midnight, it ministers to their security. It watches over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene; over the seed of the husbandman, abandoned for the season to the earth, over the studies of the student, the labors of the mechanic, the opinions of every man. None are high enough to offend with impunity—none so low that it scorns to protect them. It is throned with the king, and sits in the seat of the republican magistrate; but it also hovers over the couch of the lovely, and stands sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the felon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illuminates the palace and the hovel, and surrounds the cradle and beir. The strength of the law laughs wickedness to scorn, and spurns the intrenchments of iniquity. The power of the law crushes the power of man, and strips wealth of unrighteous immunity. It is the thread of Dandalus, to guide us through the labyrinth of cunning. It is the spear of Ithuriel, to detect falsehood and deceit. It is the faith of the martyr, to shield us from the fire of persecution; it is the good man's reliance; the wicked one's dread; the bulwarks of piety, the upholder of morality, the guardian of right, the distributor of justice. Its power is irresistible; its dominion indisputable. It is above and around us; within us; we cannot fly from its protection; we cannot avert its vengeance.

Such is the law in its essence; such it should be in its enactments; such, too, it would be, if none aspired to its administration but those with pure hearts, enlarged views, and cultivated minds."

Falls of St. Anthony---An Indian Dance.

[*Extract from a lady's 'Journal of a trip to the Falls of St. Anthony.'*]

After we came on board the boat, we heard the Indians in their war dance. Captain F. got them to dance by giving them some flour and pork. There were about three hundred of them, including squaws, and about thirty danced, who threw off their blankets and appeared with their bodies painted lead color. Their heads were decorated with a number of feathers, one kind of which thay wear when they have taken a scalp, having a feather for each one. At intervals one of the warriors would enter the circle and relate the daring deed—of course I could not understand what they said, as they spoke in their own language. When one spoke the rest applauded loudly. They danced to the sound of an instrument similar to a drum. It was made of a keg, one end being covered with a piece of parchment—on this they beat with sticks rounded at the ends. They sang all the while, keeping such times as would astonish some of our ball room ladies. At the conclusion of each dance, they gave the war-whoop, and such hideous yells I never heard before—their dancing and music are monstrous indeed. Some of them had small looking glasses suspended around their waists, which glittered in the sun as they danced. They were all slightly but elegantly made, their hands and feet small—grace and dignity were in every movement. I noticed one child about three years old who folded a piece of check (which he had instead of a blanket) around his form with a grace that appeared to be instinctive. One Indian had his face as black as he could paint it, being in mourning for his squaw. The scene was one fit for the pencil of an artist—the fort high leaning on their muskets, the squaws in their canoes, the sentinel parading on the bank, the wigwams in the distance, the white men mingled with the red ones of the forest all formed a striking picture. I gazed at the Indians and listened to their yell, and could think of nothing but demons, so wild was their appearance, and so unearthly their cries.

From the New York Sun.

Timothy Truesdell is the name we shall assign to a very worthy, thriving, and industrious mechanic of New York, who was a burthen to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large; in short, one of the most shameless and abandoned drunkards that ever took the measure of an unmade grave in a Gotham gutter. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by the temperance, or the tract, or any other society. Their logic was labor lost on Tim, who would have uncorked the bottle amidst the quakings and thunders of Mount Sitnai, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius. It was woman's love that cured him, and all women may get a just idea of their own importance in society from his story.

Though he had a wife and five beautiful children, Tim seemed to be unconscious of the fact. He neglected his work, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller and smaller, and spent his time at the pot house, till the high prostration of his faculties, or the distasteful word, "No more trust!" warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school, because learning was dear and rum was cheap; the landlord dunned for the rent, and Mrs. Truesdell was obliged to keep the house, because she had no dress to appear abroad in, having pawned the last for a fine imposed on her spouse by the police court. Misery, under destitution and famine, stared the unhappy family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate the picture, even had we room and inclination.

Mrs. T. was a heroine though not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of his children, the gripe of famine, and the railing of the drunkard, without repining. Never had her exertions slackened: never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched for his coming, and when he did come, drunk, as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a murmur of reproach.—At last her courage well nigh exhausted, and she resolved upon one last desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand and bent her steps to the groggery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of his boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk.—Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr. Truesdell's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babes, stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy toddy and then set down by his side.

"What the devil brings you here, Mary?" said he morosely.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the wife. "There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder!" She took up the glass of alcohol.

"Surely, you are not going to drink that?" asked Tim in huge astonishment.

"Why not? you say that you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman, woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!" cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children: this is fire and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink, you can get ed her husband to conduct her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.

The next evening as, O miracle! he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, "O mother! here comes father, and he is not drunk!"—Tears coursed down the penitent's cheek, and, from that hour he has not tasted strong drink. He has never been vicious or unfeeling, and, as soon as his emancipation from the thraldrom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdell, she is the happiest of women, and never thinks without pride of her first and last visit to the dram shop.

A Thrilling Story.

A thrilling story is going the rounds of the papers, taken from the Naval and Military Magazine, which, stripped of all embellishment, is to the following purport: On the day of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, Captain Walter Leslie's young bride, Helen, with feelings more easy to imagine than describe, took her seat at a window overlooking the field of dreadful conflict; but being within reach of random shot, she, with the other inmates, retired to a barn as a place of safety, and there remained in anxious suspense, during the whole day. Some time in the night, Captain Bryan was brought to the barn, badly wounded. Helen, with the necessaries which her forebodings had suggested, tenderly dressed young Bryan's wounds, and after his revival, ventured to enquire after her Walter. Bryan's evasive answer but too fatally portended the worst. She begged him to tell her the circumstances, for she knew her husband was dead. Bryan then stated that, just before going into action, Captain Leslie thrust a small bible in his bosom, charging him that if he fell in action, faithfully to deliver the sacred relic to his boloved Helen. But few moments elapsed before he did fall. After learning from Bryan the spot at which Walter fell, she went alone in the night, lantern in her hand, into the field of tha dead and dying, the plunging of wounded horses and other frightful sights, in search of the remains of her beloved. On the point of returning, in despair of finding the object of her anxious search among such a mass of carnage, her attention was drawn to an outstretched hand, on which was found the well known ring of her husband, who was partly buried beneath a pile of other bodies. While alone engaged in the release of the object of hear affection, two soldiers, sent by Capt. Bryan, came to her assistance, and bore "Ancestor's dear remains" to the same room with the wounded Captain. The surgeon, applying the glass to the lips of Leslie, declared that he yet lived. The shock of joy was too great for the delicate system of Helen; one vacant stare, and she fell lifeless to the floor; several hours being spent in restoring her to her sensibility, and the embrace of her fond Walter. The small bible was presented to Leslie by Helen on their wedding day; neither of them dreaming that the holy book was to be the salvation of the Captain's temporal life. The ball had spent its force in the folds of the bible, which is now religiously preserved in the family as a perpetual memorial of that extraordinary providence.

Indian Superstition.

Near Fort Leavenworth, in Platt county, Missouri, is the grave of a distinguished Pottawatamie chief, the editor of the Hannibal Monitor has often seen members of the tribe standing in sad silence before it. In the long summer nights, from night-fall to day-break, a bird unknown except by song to the woodman, pours out a melancholy strain of music. The Indians say it is the "spirit bird," hanging over the tomb of the chieftain.

Irish Wit.

A genuine "son of the sod" came into our office the other day, and asked the rates of advertising for a situation. We told him, the price would be one dollar for three insertions, and one dollar and seventy-five cents for six. "A dollar," said he, scratching his pate, "for the first three times, and three quarters for the last three; well thin, my darlin, faith an we'll have it in the last three."—*New York Sun.*

The census takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of the *girls*, a large majority of them being only *sixteen*. In one family in a neighboring state there were found to be *twelve* girls *between ten* and *sixteen* years of age, some with-